And for a need change ſhapes with *Protheus*,
And ſet the aſpiring *Catalin* to ſchoole.
Can I do this, and cannot get the Crowne?
Tuſh, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter King Lewis, and the Lady Bona, Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, with others.

Lewis. Welcome Queene *Margaret*, to the Court of France,
It fits not *Lewis* to ſit while thou doſt ſtand,
Sit by my ſide, and heere I vow to thee,
Thou ſhalt haue aide to repoſſeſſe thy right,
and beate proud Edward from his vſurped ſeate,
and place King *Henry* in his former rule.

Queen. I humbly thanke your royall Maieſty,
And pray the God of heauen to bleſſe thy ſtate,
Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. How now, who is this?

Queen. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* cheefeſt friend.

Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to *France*?

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of England,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindneſſe and vnfained loue,
Firſt to do greetings to thy royall perſon,
And then to craue a league of amity,
And laſtly to confirme that amity
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire ſiſter,
To Englands King in lawfull marriage.

Qu. And if this go forward, all our hope is done.

War. And gracious Madame, in our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kiſſe your hand, and with my tongue,
To tell the paſſions of my Soueraignes heart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plac'd thy glorious image and thy vertues.

Queene.

Queene. King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me ſpeake,
Before you anſwere Warwicke or his words,
For he it is hath done vs all theſe wrongs.

War. Iniurious *Margaret*.

Prince Edw. And why not Queene?

War. Becauſe thy father *Henry* did vſurpe,
And thou no more art Prince then ſhe is Queene.

Ox. Then *Warwicke* diſanuls great *Iohn of Gaunt*,
That did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spaine*,
And after *Iohn of Gaunt*, wiſe *Henry* the fourth,
Whoſe wiſedome was a mirrour to the world.
and after this wiſe Prince *Henry* the fift,
Who with his proweſſe conquered all *France*,
From theſe our *Henry* is lineally deſcent.

War. Oxford, how haps that in this ſmoothe diſcourſe
You told not how *Henry* the ſixt had loſt
All that *Henry* the fift had gotten.
Methinkes theſe Peeres of *France* ſhould ſmile at that,
But for the reſt, you tell a pedigree
Of threeſcore and two yeares, a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a kingdomes worth.

Oxf. Why Warwicke, canſt thou deny thy King,
Whom thou obeyedſt thirty and eight yeares,
and bewray thy treaſons with a bluſh?

War. Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pedigree?
For ſhame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord *Awbray Vere* was done to death,
And more then ſo, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the doore of death?
No *Warwicke*, no, whil'ſt life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the houſe of *Lancaſter*.

War. And I the houſe of *Yorke*.

K. Lewis. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and
Oxford, vouchſafe to forbeare a while,